If that he be a crysten man
I shall hym neuer forsake.
The erle sayd with gode chere.
Wyth hym shalte thou feyght in fere.
Hys name it is marrake.
The knyght thought on crystabell
He swore by hym that harowed hell.
Hym wolde he neuer forsake.
Syr kepe well my lady and my londe.
Therto the erle helde vp his hande.
And trouthes they dyd stryke.
Than afterwarde as I you say.
Syr eglamour toke the way.
To that lady so free.
Damosell he sayd to hyr anone.
For your loue I haue vndertayne.
Dedes of armes thre.
Gode syr she sayd be mery and glad.
for a worse iournay ye neuer had.
In no crysten contre.
If god graunte that is a grace.
That ye may fro that iourney pas.
God graunte it may be so.
Syr yf ye on hountynge fownde.
I wyll you gyue a gode grehounde.
That is dunne as a doo.
For as I am a trewe gentyl woman.
Ther was neuer dere that they to ran.
That myght scape theym fro.

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That was [illegible] in the see.
Of suche kno[illegible] I n[illegible]no.
If ye haue hap to kepe it well
There is no helme of yren ne stele.
But it wolde carue in two.
Eglamour kyssed that lady gente.
He toke his leue and forth he wente.
Hys way nowe hath he tane.
The hye strete he helde weste.
Tyll he came to the foreste.
Fayrer sawe he neuer none
Wyth trees of cypres lyenge out.
The wode was walled all abowte.
Wyth stronge walles of stone.
Forth he rode as I vnderstonde.
Tyll the tyme that he a gate fonde.
And therin is he gone.
Hys horne he blewe in that tyde.
Hartes rose vp on euery syde.
And a noble dere ful preste.
The houndes at the dere gan bay.
That herde the gyant where he lay.
It lette hym of his reste.
Me thynke by howndes that I here.
That there is one huntynge my dere.
It were better that he seace.
By hym that wore the crowne of thorne.
In wors tyme blewe he neuer his horne.
Ne derer bought a messe.

An° 1488

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